

Snowflake

by FairyRave

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Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug

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Summary: Never before in her life had she ran like this. Even though she was fit to do so with her line of "work", her years of experience never prepare for what was at her destination. ((A/N My first fanfic, so yay!))

Snowflake

((A/N As you can tell I'm an artist attempting to do something I'm not good at which is obviously writing, therefore thank-you for those who would read this fic of mine. A warning is this would essentially be terrible.

So enjoy this really short fluff thing that I had spinned on the spot.

Also Dimensional Librarian

([www.fimfiction.net/user/Dimensional+Librarian](http://www.fimfiction.net/user/Dimensional+Librarian)) and BluegrassBrooke ([corporealfanfiction.tumblr.com](http://corporealfanfiction.tumblr.com)) helped me edit this so go check them out.))

(Take the \*'s out for the links to work)

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><p>Never before in her life had she ran like this. Though her line of "work" prepared her for even the most strenuous of tasks, nothing could have prepared her for this.<p>

Faster. Why couldn't she go faster? If she didn't . . . \_No. I can't think like that. Come on legs, move!\_

Her raven pigtails flew behind her as her black boots slammed the pavement. The bitter winter wind slashed at her exposed cheeks. Her

legs ached and her breath grew ragged. Her coatâ€"pressed to crisp perfection that morningâ€"had plastered itself to her skin with all the resolve of a straightjacket. The frigid weather granted her temporary relief.

Thinking of home brought a sickening sensation in her gut. The familiar embrace of her fluffiest blanket, the all-encompassing warmth brought from a cup of hot chocolate resting between her fingers, a plate of freshly baked cookies piled high . . . Marinette shook her head roughly, dragging herself back to reality. \_I can't afford to think about that! Not now . . . Maybe afterwards, but not now!\_

\_Marinette, you need to keep moving if want to make it. No. I \_\_\*\*need\*\*\_\_ to make it.\_

Then in her line of vision, she finally saw it. The tall structure that was the pride of Paris, standing high above the night cloudy sky. The heavenly glow from the tower cut through the cold night like a lighthouse in the middle of a foggy bay.

With the smallest of quick-steps, Marinette's petite frame slowed at last. Though not stopping, she surveyed her surroundings. Above, the clouds started to gather looking as if it was about to envelop the sky. Nearby some Parisians were strolling about laughing or talking about their day amongst each other. A few were having extravagant conversations about the latest news of the brave heroes of Paris. Marinette smiled at the thought, as she finally allowed her lungs to catch up with the adrenaline coursing through her veins. Still feeling all sweaty, she searched for a certain golden haired boy.

Spotting him at the periphery of her vision, she turned her head. The model was standing under a rather large tree with a pair of navy jeans and a charcoal coat that hugged his frame. A bright blue scarfâ€"more specifically the one she made himâ€"was wrapped around his perfect neck. Fingers tapped a rhythm on their own accord by his sides, while his face was directed away from her. Marinette took a deep breath at the sight of him. At last she let go of the breath she didn't know she was holding, and took a step towards him.

Moving with confidence, Marinette advanced until those emerald green orbs caught sight of her. At that, he moved to meet her till they at last stood before each other.

Adrien took one look at Marinette then a smug catlike smile grew on his perfect model face. "You look like you were in a hurry to come and see me, my lady."

Her face felt warm, but not to the extent it had been before. Slowly, a smirk formed before her face. "I didn't want to miss our first date. Though you came here awfully early, didn't you?"

Looking a bit flushed himself, he rub the back of his head. "Well I didn't want to miss it either."

A single white flake descended on his nose as he put his arm back down, while another landed atop Marinette's hair. Looking above, they saw more cascading white flakes that slowly fell before them.

Squealing, Marinette looked backed at Adrien. "It's snowing!"

"Looks like we are going to have a \_ice\_ date." He stated with a large grin plastered on his face.

Staring straight at him with her bluebell eyes, the corners of her lips twitched. "Maybe we will, Kitten."

End  
file.